

"Dan, You  
Look Like  
a Fool!"  
She Said.



will make you this promise, Helen," he said. "When women learn to dress themselves without making rolling mills of their husbands, I'll vote to give them the ballot."

Mrs. Farley, looking out of the window, saw something that caused her to ignore the remark. "Oh, look, Dan!" she cried excitedly, pointing into the street. "There's a suffragist meeting on the corner. Let's join them."

Farley drew away and looked at her reproachfully. "Do you want me to make a speech against myself?" he asked.

"But don't you want to hear what they have to say?"

"We've been married seven years, Helen. I don't have to go to a suffragette street meeting to hear myself abused." Another survey of the decorations deepened his gloom. "Why don't you go out on the street corner with your friends?" he asked. "Show them what kind of a district leader you can be."

"I can't go out alone in this dress," she replied regretfully; for the suggestion pleased her.

"Sure you can. They're swells. Go ahead. You be the politician. One in the family is enough. I'll stay home and look after the house."

"A fine job you'd make of it!" she retorted sarcastically, as he departed in the direction of the kitchen.

WHEN he reappeared she turned from the window and gasped. He had added a housemaid's cap and apron to his evening dress, and in his hands were a broom, a duster, and a dustpan. He leaned the broom against a bookcase and began to dust vigorously.

"Dan, you look like a fool!" she said.

"Take a look out the window," he suggested, waving his duster and sending a vase of flowers crashing to the hearth. Another bit of bric-à-brac from a bookcase fell in fragments before his brush. Mrs. Farley rushed toward him.

"Stop! You'll smash everything!" she cried.

He held her off the length of the feather duster. "Hands off, Woman!" he said sternly. "The sphere of the politician is outside the home. I'll not be tyrannized over! Me for the easy, peaceful domestic life! It takes the women of today for the strenuous game of politics!"

He threw down the duster, seized the broom, and began to sweep with tremendous energy.

Mrs. Farley sneezed. "You're doing nothing but raising the dust, Dan," she protested.

"Your friends out there are trying to raise—something else," he remarked indifferently. "But never mind. Ah! 'tis a happy peaceful life, the sheltered existence in the home that is coming to us men when the women get the vote!"

He gaily hummed "The Wearing of the Green," while Mrs. Farley in desperation seized her hat, put it on, and began to jab hatpins through it with fury. Over by the desk he paused, picked up one of the circulars, and read it. The broom and dustpan fell from his hands to the floor with a clatter and he turned a face upon her in which there was wrath that was genuine. She stopped putting on her hat and waited in trepidation for him to speak.

"Is this the kind of stuff you have been sending out to the voters in my district?" he demanded.

"Why—I—I don't know, Dan. It's from headquarters."

"Do you know what's in this circular?"

"No, Dan, I haven't read it."

"Then listen!" and he read oracularly from the sheet of paper. "Daniel Farley is the Tammany Hall candidate for the Assembly in the Eighth District. He has refused to give his indorsement to woman suffrage. He owns fealty only to his own pocket. He has grown wealthy through the protection of illegal liquor traffic, gambling houses, and other forms of public vice."

She listened in astonishment and dismay, taking off her hat and shrinking within herself. When he finished reading he looked at her with the witheringly sarcastic comment:

"Now that's a boost to be proud of!"

"Oh, Dan, does it really say that?" she asked tearfully.

"Read it!" he answered and put it in her hands. She read, and the tears that crept into her blue eyes dried quickly in the blaze of anger that followed. She crushed the circular in her hands and threw it into the open grate.

"Oh, the hateful things!" she cried. "Oh, wait until I see them!" She ran to the desk, gathered up the papers and threw them into the fire. "You can sue them for that, Dan," she cried. "You can make them prove it."

## HER TIGER

Drawing by  
G. PATRICK NELSON



YOU can't be too careful," said Masterson of the Indian Secretariat, otherwise known to his friends as Old Figures, "in acting the part of Good Samaritan toward a smitten lover; for you run great danger of being misunderstood, and possibly smashing a pretty romance. I stopped by the wayside for that purpose once, and, upon my word, had it not been for the lucky advent of a tiger—"

In this connection he pleased to observe the Chowringhee Club, Calcutta. Save for the barefooted khitmutgars and punkas, its atmosphere much resembles a similar resort on Fifth-ave.; for Calcutta wishes you to understand that she is metropolitan and European, with a distinctly patronizing attitude toward the *mofussil* (rural districts). To be sure, a Calcutta man is aware that there is such a place as Delhi; but for the life of him can't understand why anyone, short of absolute necessity, should yearn to journey thither. Hence the wherefore of Masterson, and Holmes, representing American commercial interests, lounging in the Chowringhee Club attired in the afternoon frock coat, etc., of Piccadilly and Fifth-ave., also smoking imported Havana cigars instead of the domestic cheroot proper to the *mofussil*. Masterson had noticed a shade of dejection on Holmes' face, and was offering the advice of a Calcutta man to run home for a breath of fresh air; thus marking a distinction from the people of the *mofussil*, for whom Providence has set apart the hills. But Holmes shook his head.

"No," he said, "I hardly need that yet. I've been out only a year."

"Ah!" ejaculated Masterson with an air of superior wisdom. "Since you are too young for liver, it must be heart. Your fair compatriot, Miss Cumnock, I presume?"

Holmes implied by silence that Masterson had correctly diagnosed his case.

"And far be it from me to blame you," went on Masterson. "A charmingly natural and unaffected girl. She looked stunning at the Viceroy's Barrackpore garden party."

This from Masterson was surprising; for, though popular with men as a good natured fellow, the butterflies who flutter round the viceregal court characterized him as such a—well, quite uninteresting person. And Masterson knew it. Therefore what more need be said of his counter opinion?

REALLY, I—I could fall in love with her myself," he added. "But don't be alarmed," he hastened to refute Holmes's challenging glance. "A man who is built to collect dry departmental facts is not in the run-

Involuntarily he recoiled; but he replied humorously. "Never mind that: I'll not make them prove anything."

She made a sweeping clutch at the hanging banners, intending to rend them; but he stopped her.

"Don't be impatient with them, Helen," he urged soothingly. "And don't tear those flags down. I like them. They're pretty. Leave them be. If you're going in for politics, you must expect little jokes like this."

"I'll have nothing to do with politics—I'll resign!" Mrs. Farley declared hotly.

There was a suggestion of more tears to follow, and he patted her shoulder with great gentleness and good nature.

"No, stick it out. It will do you good," he said. "And I don't mind telling you, Helen, that I believe a woman ought to have every privilege that a man has, in addition of course to those she has already."

THEY were interrupted by the housemaid, who, staring in wonder at the incongruous figure cut by Farley, informed them that Daniel, Jr., and Baby Helen had been awakened by their debate, and would not go to sleep.

"Go and calm their apprehensions, Helen," Farley said laughing. "They are the kind of ballots every woman ought to cast. And if they did there would be no law against repeating."

When she came back she found him standing, still in cap and apron, looking at one of the circulars that had escaped the flames. Very softly she went up to him and looked into his face.

"Dan, do you really believe in woman suffrage?" she asked.

"Certainly I do," he assured her gaily.

"Then I believe in the home," she said firmly. "And I'll wait until I know more about politics before I try to run a district."

Lovingly she took the cap from his head and placed it on her own, divested him of the apron and put it on, took the pan and duster and swept up the broken bits of vase and bric-a-brac. He watched her until she had finished. Then he said gently:

"Helen, do you know what the woman's job will always be, vote or no vote?"

"No, Dan, what?"

"Saving the pieces. Come on, we'll go to that meeting."

By MICHAEL WHITE

ning for romance. I am merely a highly developed bureau of statistics, valuable to the Government, but I fancy not particularly entertaining to women. Still, I can understand and appreciate another fellow's feelings. How long do the Cumnocks intend to remain in Calcutta?"

"That's the point of the trouble," replied Holmes. "I believe Judge Cumnock has decided to go on to Rangoon by next week's steamer on their east-to-west round-the-world trip. You see, I knew the Cumnocks in Philadelphia, and had got as far as the best-of-friends stage with Olive; but somehow there progress stopped. And I haven't been able to make further headway during their visit here," he added gloomily. "Something—in me, I guess—seems to be lacking to bring the matter up to a crisis or a climax. She doesn't say no; yet she stops short of the decisive yes. I presume that is her privilege; but meanwhile it is not conducive to exuberance of spirit."

Masterson looked sympathetic. "Perhaps Miss Cumnock does not like the prospect of living in India," he suggested.

"Oh, I think she would for a time," replied Holmes. "She appears to have been wonderfully interested in what she has seen, and enjoyed the social life, though a bit disappointed not to have caught even the glimpse of a tiger. I wish to goodness I could organize a tiger hunt, if that would please her!"

"And with about equal odds of adding to her disappointment," remarked Masterson. "In fifteen years I have never seen a tiger; but from the reports of the Woods and Forests Department I know a good deal about them. Except in the Terai at the foot of the Himalayas and the Sunderbund Flats, where you have also to reckon with fever, the tiger generally seems to know of your coming and moves house. No, in your case a tiger hunt is too uncertain. Now, a picnic—"

"A picnic!" queried Holmes in a tone that suggested a considerable drop from tiger.

"Exactly, a picnic," nodded Masterson. "When I was a deputy assistant in the *mofussil*, and there was any little hitch of this kind, somebody arranged a picnic. If my memory serves me right, they were invariably successful. Therefore, it is clearly my duty as your friend to get up a picnic."

"It's awfully good of you, of course," returned Holmes; "but—"

"I have already planned it all," Masterson interposed. "Can you secure the Cumnocks for tomorrow night?"

"I believe so."

"Good! Then I'll borrow Calthorpe's launch. We'll run down the river by moonlight, and on the way back stop at the Botanical Gardens to inspect the contents of the tiffin basket. Then you two can wander off to see the famous banyan tree and shrubs that people say don't grow anywhere else. You certainly ought to be able to snatch her yes from that occasion,—languorous,